

WAR CLOUDS GATHERING AS SERVIA DELAYS NOTE IN REPLY TO AUSTRIANS

ASK AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT FOR EXTENSION OF TIME TO ALLOW MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

RUSSIA TAKES A HAND

Charge D'Affaires of St. Petersburg Government Intercedes in Behalf of Servia—Grave Complications Feared.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

BULLETIN. Buda-Pest, July 25.—Special editions of the newspapers announced this evening that Servia has unconditionally submitted to the demands of Austria.

BULLETIN.

Vienna, July 25.—Shortly before six o'clock the Austro-Hungarian minister at Belgrade presented a note to the Servian foreign office saying the Servian reply was unsatisfactory. The Austro-Hungarian minister and the staff of the legation then left Belgrade.

BULLETIN.

London, July 25.—Servia has accepted Austria-Hungary's ultimatum, according to a special cablegram received here this evening by way of Vienna. Other dispatches received through the same sources, it is rumored that King Peter of Servia has abdicated.

BULLETIN. Vienna, July 25.—The Austro-Hungarian government refused all the requests of Servia to extend the time limit for the reply to his note.

Belgrade, July 25.—Servia, according to sources usually in close touch with the foreign office, has requested Austria for an extension of time in which to reply to the notes asking for a delay until the Servian parliament, which has been summoned to an extraordinary session shall have been convened. It is also stated in authoritative circles that Servia is ready to grant the Austrian demands as far as possible without damage to her national prestige.

All the safes containing the state archives and records of the various banks were removed to the interior of the country today for safety.

The Austrian legation sent its archives to Semlin, Austro-Hungarian territory, across the Danube.

The cabinet was in constant session under the presidency of the crown prince who is acting as regent of the kingdom.

Vienna Bulletin.

Vienna, July 25.—A dispatch from Belgrade to the Neue Freie Presse says "Servia has decided to accept the Austrian demands as a protest."

A extension of time of forty-eight hours in which Servia may reply to Austria's note was requested today by the Russian charge of the affairs.

There was a marked improvement on the Bourse here in a report that Servia has yielded.

TREASURY BALANCE OVER FOUR MILLION

State Finances in Substantial Condition, According to Annual Statement.

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.]

Madison, Wis., July 25.—A statement of the condition of the state treasury for the fiscal year closing June 30, was made public by State Treasurer Henry Johnson today. In view of the existing discussion of state finances Mr. Johnson said the figures should add enlightenment to some very confused ideas on the whole subject.

The balance in all funds July 1, 1914, was \$4,320,854.81, as compared with \$1,924,666.66 on the same date in 1913. Of the total balance \$3,167,103.55 comprised the general fund which fund one year before contained only \$74,258.55.

The book receipts for the fiscal year were \$21,404,859.77, and the book disbursements were \$10,028,895.64. Transfers were \$2,839,843.77, paper transfers \$48,869.29, agency transactions \$1,000,000, and trust fund disbursements \$53,829.66. Net disbursements were \$4,377,169.61.

Net disbursements.

General fund \$7,929,729.16

School fund 261,249.48

University fund income 2,805,206.15

Agricultural college fund

income 5.67

Normal fund income 1,061,871.48

Agricultural society fund

drainage fund 25,141.88

Forest products fund 1,561.87

Forest reserve fund 29,963.29

Oil inspection fund 4,364.63

State insurance fund 2,308.61

State highway fund 60,440.66

Teachers' insurance and retirement fund 46,571.90

Wisconsin grain and warehouse fund 3,581.92

Revolving fund 4,265.07

Senate contingent fund 58.64

Senate contingent fund 14.81

Total \$14,377,189.61

The transfer totals and net disbursements will not agree with the secretary of state's report as this includes the account of the state board of agriculture, which is not carried by the secretary of state.

CANDIDATES FOR ASSEMBLY MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE

[SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.]

Madison, Wis., July 25.—E. B. Steensland, president of the Savings Loan and Trust company of this city, and the son of the late Halle Steensland, consul to Norway and Sweden, has announced his candidacy for the assembly in the first district. Daniel Fred L. Holmes, the present assemblyman, is also a candidate for reelection.

Word has also been received here of the announcement of Chris Pickart of Fond du Lac as a democratic candidate for re-election for the assembly. Col. F. W. Gruetzmacher of Ripon will be the democratic candidate in the second district of Fond du Lac. The nomination papers of C. F. Stout of Rice Lake have been sent out and are now being circulated in western Wisconsin, according to statements made today by Walter L. Houser of Mondovi, formerly secretary of state.

The Russian government clearly recognizes that the Austrian ultimatum is particularly directed against Servia. Russia is replying not only by word but by the requisite action. Servia is being subjected to an unlawful attack and will not remain alone.

The British on the other hand says: "Our allies hitherto have been in no way disposed to enter into conflict and out of compunction in the near future and our English friends are already giving the prudent advice to stay the way. The only means of averting European conflict is strict retention of the European cause.

Await Servia's Reply.

Vienna, July 25.—The general public here looked forward to Servia's decision in connection with the Austrian note with the greatest consternation, although the people know it to be a question of peace or war. A number of demonstrations have been held, but there is no sign of nervousness.

No surprise was caused here by the communication published in the official journal of the Russian government, stating that the St. Petersburg government was seriously preoccupied by the ultimatum addressed to Servia by Austro-Hungary, and that

NEW YORK BANKS REPORT LARGE SURPLUS ON HAND

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

New York, July 25.—The statement of the actual conditions of banks and clearing houses for the week shows that they hold \$25,173,750. This is an increase of \$4,062,000 from last week.

HOME RULE TROUBLE WILL STIR COMMONS

Flight Will Now Center on Amended Bill Which Comes Before Parliament Next Tuesday.

London, July 25.—Since the failure of the conference on the Ulster situation between the leaders of the various political parties at Buckingham palace, politicians have turned their attention to the next step to be taken in the home rule controversy.

Premier Asquith and the members of the cabinet remained in town for the greater part of the day, and several communications passed between King George and the premier, but no meetings were held.

It is understood that much depends on the result of the meeting of the Irish national party on Monday, when the Irish members of parliament will decide what attitude they are going to adopt towards the bill to amend the Irish home rule bill. The amended bill comes up for discussion on Tuesday in the house of commons. Many of them consider that as the Ulster unionists rejected the offer of settlement embodied in the original bill, as originally introduced, the bill should be withdrawn, and the home rule bill allowed to become law, under the operation of the parliament.

The government, however, is generally expected to urge the passage of the second reading of the amending bill as amended by the house of commons, and it may be referred to its original conditions in the committee. This, it is pointed out, would give another chance for discussion with the possibility of reaching an agreement.

Few, however, expected this step to be successful. The Unionists are preparing for a general election in the belief that, failing a settlement by consent, premier Asquith will advise the dissolution of parliament.

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EXTRA SPECIAL ON CHILDREN'S SHOES

39c, 45c, 69c, 95c; sizes to 2½; low shoes, oxfords and pumps.

Odds and ends in shoes, specially attractive bargains for the woman who wants to save money and get good, comfortable oxfords and pumps, regular \$4.00, \$3.50 and \$3.00 values, great value if you can find your size at 95c

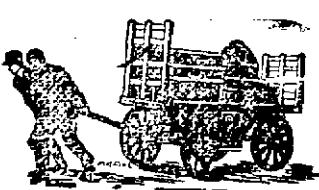
Baby Dolls, Mary Janes and Colonials, very latest up-to-the-minute styles, former prices \$3 to \$5, balance of week at \$1.95 and \$2.45

D.J. LUBY

The Fourth Is Over

but we are still buying all kinds of junk, wool and hides for which we pay the highest market prices.

S. W. ROTSTEIN IRON CO.
60 So. River St.
Bell phone 459. Rock Co. Black 784.



Buy Luggage that will stand hard usage of travel at the

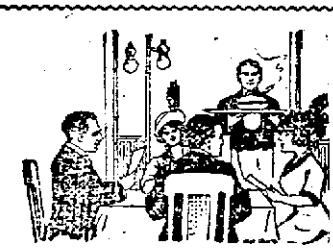
LEATHER STORE

222 West Milwaukee St.
If it comes from the leather store it must be right.

Non-skid Tires

at the price of plain. We can save you money.

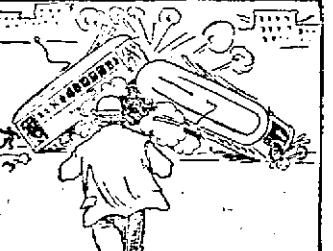
Janesville Motor Co.
17-19 S. Main St.



Bring the family here for
Sunday Dinner

You can not equal it at home
for the price, 35c.

Savoy Cafe



Accidents Will Happen

You may have been lucky up to date, but you will not **ALWAYS** be lucky. Perhaps tomorrow will see you in a bad mix up, and a broken leg or wrenched back may deprive your family of their regular income for months.

That is where we come in. We pay \$25 per week when you are disabled by sickness or accident and liberal benefits in case of death.

Cost only 75c a month. Let us explain write or call.

E. BODEY
321 Hayes Block.
Bell phone 1393. R. C. 411 Black
Representing the Inter-State Business
Men's Accident Association.

Why Shouldn't He Worry?
Tucker—"Why do I look so troubled? Well, last night I dreamed I died and was buried. Parker, and I saw the tombstone at the head of my grave." Parker—"Saw your tombstone, eh? And what of it?" "Why, I'm trying to live up to the epitaph."

If you are looking for help of any kind, read the Want Ads.

PHILIPP GAINER IN WEEK'S CAMPAIGNING

**CONSERVATIVE REPUBLICAN
MAKING FRIENDS IN THE
ENEMIES COUNTRY.**

NO PEACE IS IN SIGHT

For the Democrats Who Are Still Pausing Buck Between Karel and Aylward—Kearney is Busy.

By Bob Acres.

N. B.—This is one of a series of articles on the Wisconsin political situation written exclusively for the Gazette.

Even the fever heat of July weather is no barrier to campaigner in this year of our Lord Nineteen Fourteen. The hotter the weather the more strenuous the campaign and the warmer the speeches. Travel by auto is superior to journeying from town to town by train or buggy and even beats walking all to bits so that the auto has become a factor in politics these days.

I was not over enthusiastic over the chances of Emmanuel Philipp of Milwaukee, landing that gubernatorial nomination from the field of other republicans when the old line stalwarts in Madison, but I am forced now to alter my views and freshen my memory to the past. I think he has more considerate strides along the path that leads to victory than the past week to say the least. Philipp is a man that you can approach. He is a good speaker, has a commanding figure and in many ways is a man among men that is most noticeable. He talks from the shoulder, has facts and figures to quote, and they can be substantiated every where he goes by one look at the tax receipts for the past year. This helps a lot.

He and his side partner, Judge Levi Bancroft, have divided the state and are covering all parts of territory between them. Levi for lambasting the present administration, Philipp for telling facts that count. It is a good combination and one that is really bringing home the bacon as the saying goes. Taxes are topics that the farmers, the city resident, in fact, everyone who pays them are vitally interested in.

The real sensation of the week was the reading out McGovern from the ranks of the progressive by Robert M. La Follette. In view of the fact that two years ago La Follette and his democratic allies Aylward and Davies, elected McGovern governor over Karel, this change of heart of the "boss" of the republican party of the state, his eleventh hour confession he has been mistaken, comes as a surprise and also as a joke. Just who is it who is not coming out in support of McGovern is not clear, but it is certainly meant to aid Morris in his fight for the senatorship.

I am going to quote from La Follette's pronunci: it is too good to keep hidden beneath the bushel and its light should shine forth unobstructed. The senator says:

There is complaint of high taxes in Wisconsin this year. There is reason.

The annual appropriations for university and normal school buildings were excessive.

The appropriations for highways were much beyond the amount which can be wisely and economically expended.

These appropriations doubtless carried with them others which are justly given to criticism.

Such a course betrays waste and looseness in administration.

Those who conduct government assume grave responsibility. The appropriation and expenditure of the people's money is the execution of a public trust.

Then he further in his statement pays his compliments to McGovern as follows:

As upon whom should fall the responsibility of this wrong to a great cause and a great commonwealth?

The executive office is the clearing house on appropriations. There is focused detailed information on all legislation pending and passed, there the appropriations are listed, there the aggregates are known. And there is lodged the final power in one hand to increase the passage of an appropriation or to veto it with a veto that makes an end of it.

There are no associates to be argued with or convinced. There stands the executive under the constitution, a veritable colossus, with a strength the equal of two-thirds of all the members of both houses, assembly and the senate combined. With him sits.

This is an unjust tax burden upon the people. I can not approve of it.

"The aggregate of these appropriations will compel the levy of a state tax and is greater than warranted at this time; I return the bill without executive approval for your further consideration, then the bill is dead."

Johns' Taxation. The legislation presents other interests. He may find at least a plausible excuse for an appropriation in which his particular constituency rescues an advantage.

But the executive represents the whole state and for that reason he is elected with a constitutional power over legislation nearly a hundred fold greater than that of any single legislator. Hence upon the executive the supreme measure of responsibility for the tax burden of which the people of Wisconsin complain.

Really, this latter should help Philipp, for there is not a one of the candidates for governor on the republican side of the fence that stands for what he does, a business administration of state affairs and a reduction of taxes and that is just what La Follette advocates.

Meanwhile the democrats are still fighting. The Donnabrook Fair was merely a marker to what is going on in every section of the state where the democratic factions clash. Take Rock county for instance. The convention here last Tuesday, from what I can learn, was anything but a love feast and the factional feeling was intense and bitter enough to satisfy anyone. On one side was a democratic postmaster, a Davies appointee, leading the Aylward forces, and on the other was a disappointed democratic aspirant for a postoffice, Karel leader.

Meanwhile the senatorial candidates are hopping to it with a vim spirit that shows they mean business. Congressman Cooper of the first district, a republican member of the house for twenty years, is in the field again for the nomination, thus far without opposition and practically without opposition after nomination. Cooper is a valuable man in Washington and his retention at this time is necessary. I am glad he has decided to stick to congress and not try for the senatorship in this troublous election.

F. N. BLAKELY RETURNS
FROM TRIP THROUGH EAST.

Fred N. Blakely of the Bower City Bill Posting company has returned from Atlantic City N. J., where he has been attending the National Bill Poster's convention which held a three days' session. Mr. Blakely was gone two days and visited a number of eastern points of interest. Buckle's Arnica Salve for all Sores.

DEALERS WILL OBEY CHAMPION'S ORDERS

Few Protests Made Over Chief of Police's Sweeping Order Against Slot Machines.

Following the order of Chief of Police Champion, who over slot machines, raffle cards, punch cards and the other forms of petty gambling barred by the police, are making preparations to obey the regulation and ordinance. With a few exceptions, the dealers have not protested the order to any marked degree and several expressed an opinion that it was a "good thing."

Chief Champion this morning further emphasized his order that every form of chance game will be prohibited. Dealers who issued Chief Champion about several trade machines were answered that every device whereby the player does not receive full value for his money without the element of chance is included in the order. The question was raised as to the validity of the ferris wheels or wheels of fortune where a player always obtains trade for money that is played. Marked places on the wheel allows for two or even three dollars if the wheel stops on the winning numbers. Chief Champion stated that these will be included in the order as it had been the spirit of gambling found that by using a system of "five or nothing" on the wheels the player stood to loose money. At intervals on the wheels stars or bars were marked. A player by placing a nickel in the wheel can gamble on receiving twenty-five cents. In spite of the hand of the wheel stops on one of the stars another device is being investigated and it was not certain what action Chief Champion will take on this trade machine. At numerous cigar counter machines for nickels have been installed whereby the player obtains full value in trade for his money but every nickel played goes into the "pot." A revolving wheel with numbers on it set in motion by the playing of the money and if the machine stops at certain figures, for instance 10, the player wins the pot. Dealers declare that these machines add in no way a violation of the law and within the limits of the ordinance.

Another practice which Chief Champion declared was the practice of cutting cards for the past year and more and very few violations have been brought to the attention of the department. The order to be effective Monday came as a surprise to all the dealers who were not expecting such a sweeping enforcement of the ordinance.

The real sensation of the week was the reading out McGovern from the ranks of the progressive by Robert M. La Follette. In view of the fact that two years ago La Follette and his democratic allies Aylward and Davies, elected McGovern governor over Karel, this change of heart of the "boss" of the republican party of the state, his eleventh hour confession he has been mistaken, comes as a surprise and also as a joke. Just who is it who is not coming out in support of McGovern is not clear, but it is certainly meant to aid Morris in his fight for the senatorship.

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LIVESTOCK MARKET HAS A LIGHT TRADE

Falling Off of Receipts for End of Week Does Not Affect Quotations.
[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

Chicago, July 25.—Receipts in livestock were unusually light today and prices remained unchanged. There was a strong demand for the 8,000 head of hogs in the pens at the opening of trade. Following are quotations:

Cattle—Receipts 200; market steady; beefs 7.70@10.00; Texas steers 6.40@3.35; steckers and feeders 5.60@8.00; cows and heifers 3.85@2.95; calves 7.75@11.25.

Hogs—Receipts 8,000; market shade higher; light 8.50@9.05; mixed 8.45@9.05; heavy 8.35@9.02; rough 8.35@8.55; pigs 7.75@8.90; bulk of sales 8.65@8.95.

Sheep—Receipts 2,000; market steady; lambs 5.15@5.80; yearlings 5.50@6.50; lambs 6.00@6.00.

Butter—Unchanged.

Wheat—July: Opening 83; high 84 1/2; low 82; closing 84; Sept: Opening 82 1/2; high 83; low 82 1/2; closing 82 1/2.

Corn—July: Opening 72 1/2; high 73; low 72 1/2; closing 72; Sept: Opening 69 1/2; high 69 1/2; low 68 1/2; closing 69 1/2.

Oats—July: Opening 36 1/2; high 37 1/2; low 36 1/2; closing 36 1/2; Sept: Opening 35 1/2; high 36; low 35 1/2; closing 35 1/2.

Rye—67@68.

Bailey—49@56.

Wheat—July: Opening 82 1/2; high 83 1/2; low 82; closing 82 1/2; Sept: Opening 81 1/2; high 82 1/2; low 81 1/2; closing 81 1/2.

Stems and Cows: \$4.80@8.10, average 7.50.

Cows: \$9.50@10.00.

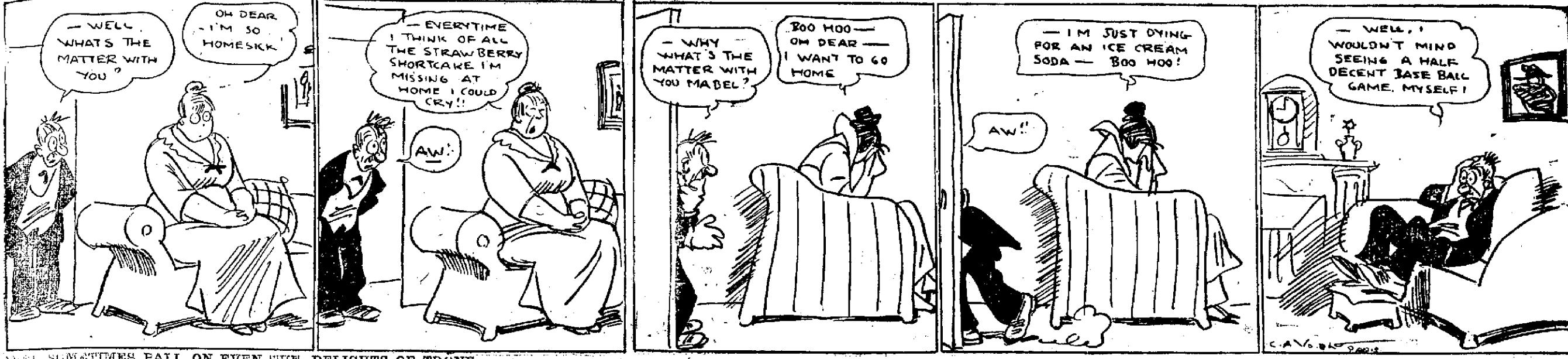
Hogs: \$8.00@8.75.

Sheep: \$5; lambs, \$7.50@8.50.

Feed: (Retail) Oil meal, \$1.75@\$1.70 per 100 lbs.; bran, \$1.25; standard middlings, \$1.30; flour middlings, \$1.40 to \$1.45.

Duchess apples are on sale at 7 cents a pound. Green corn is selling at 15 cents per dozen ears. Muskmelons are 9 cents. Cherries are 20 cents a basket. Fresh tomatoes are 10 cents a pound. Fresh carrots, 5c bunch; beets, 5c bunch; beet greens, 5c bunch; Texas onions, 10c lb; peppers, best quality, 5c each. French endive, 35c lb; pleplant, 5c per bunch; parsley, 5c bunch; radishes, 5c bunch; leaf lettuce, 5c per bunch; green onions, two bunches, 5c; fresh H. G. green peas, 8c lb; muskmelons, 10c each, 3 for 25c; peaches 20c basket; black raspberries, 17c qt; red rasp-

Duchess apples are on sale at 7 cents a pound. Green corn is selling at



Avel Sometimes Fall on Even the Delights of Truine.

SPORTS

HOME RUN BAKER IS TIED WITH TY COBB

Baker and Georgie Peach Setting Pace in Battling in American League—Grant Ahead in National.

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Chicago, July 25.—"Home Run" Baker, Philadelphia, has pounded his way into a tie for the batting leadership of the American League. According to averages published here today, Baker and Cobb of Detroit are setting the pace at a rate of .342. In the first ten also are Jackson, Cleveland, .329; E. Collins, Philadelphia, .327; Crawford, Detroit, .323; C. Walker, St. Louis, .322; Kirke, Cleveland, .320; Fournier, Chicago, .318; Speaker, Boston, .317; Johnson, Washington, .306; Philadelphia, with .303; and Washington with .245 lead in club batting. Eddie Collins has tied Maisel of New York in stolen bases with 32. In games won and lost, the best regular pitchers appear to be Leonard, Boston, with 13 and 3; Hender, Philadelphia, 8 and 2; and Plank, Philadelphia, 10 and 3.

Grant of New York tops the National League race with .342. Next come Becker, Philadelphia, .326; Dafoe, Brooklyn, .321; Byrne, Philadelphia, .319; McLean, New York, .310; Wilson, St. Louis, .305; Phelan, Chicago, .304; G. Burns, New York, .302; Himes, Brooklyn, .302; Archer, Chicago, .302; E. Burns, Philadelphia, .302; Brooklyn is ahead in club batting with .266 and New York next with .265. Herzog, Cincinnati, leads in stolen bases with .35. Mathewson of New York with 17 and 4; Vaughn, Chicago, with 11 and 4, and Doak, St. Louis, with 9 and 4, lead in held pitching honors.

Kauf, Indianapolis, leads the Federal with .382 in batting and 41 stolen bases. In the upper ten among the batters are Evans, Brooklyn, .375; Carr, Indianapolis, .367; Walsh, Baltimore, .356; McGuire, Chicago, .340; Lenox, Pittsburgh, .335; Easterly, Kansas City, .333; Crandall, St. Louis, .325; Bradley, Pittsburgh, .323; Murphy, Brooklyn, .323; Indianapolis, with .288 and Baltimore with .277 lead the clubs. Pitching leadership is held by Keiserling, Indianapolis, with nine wins and 2 defeats; Ford, Brooklyn, with 13 and 6; and Seaton, Brooklyn, with 13 and 3, lead in held pitching honors.

The American Association, Titus of Kansas City leads with .383. Then comes Griffith, Indianapolis, .366; Kirke, Cleveland, .349; W. Hinckman, Columbus, .348; Ruth, Kansas City, .341; Knight, Cleveland, .338; Connor, Kansas City, .326; Alitzer, Minneapolis, .323; Clemens, Louisville, .322; Killifer, Minneapolis, .324. Kansas City with .281 and Cleveland with .278 lead the clubs. Killifer with 34 leads the base stealers. Top notch pitchers are Donoherty, Milwaukee, with 4 and 2; Gaffia, Kansas City, 13 and 3; and Laroy, Indianapolis, 10 and 2.

JANESEVILLE STARS PLAY WITH YOUNG NATIONALS

Janeville Stars will cross bats with the Young Nationals of Janeville Sunday at the Caloric diamond. Both of the teams have been beaten by the Colic Hill Eagles and fast game is expected. The batteries will be the Stars Hoveland and Spohn, while the Nationals will have Byrne and Hill to do the dirty work.

Sport Snap Shots

Jake Daubert, the hard hitting first baseman with the Brooklyn Dodgers, might have been a Cleveland Naps first if he hadn't been for George Stovall, pitcher for the Naps at the time of one storm. Stovall himself told pretty well how it was that he recruited Daubert from joining the Naps and taking his job away from him.

For nine years I was the Nap first baseman at both the start and the end of the season, but for nine years there was always somebody trying to take my job, says George Stovall.

Players seem to think that's the time to make sure of your job. Besides, in the early spring I always was a bear, and in the exhibitions I used to hit about .500. In all, twenty players tried to cop my first base job with the Naps, but all were turned back.

The year Daubert tried out for me, at first I said he was going to be the easiest of the bunch to get off my back. I started hitting like a wild man, and in the exhibition series the Naps batted something like .750.

I never got a chance for that, says Daubert. 'Me back to the minors.'

Players seemed to think the same way, too, and Daubert went back. Somers let the best first baseman in the game today get away from him.

Steve Evans, outfielder with the Indians, had recently played first base for a game and did so well that he was asked why he didn't play more of the time. Steve explained that when he first came to the big league, that was his regular job. The first day I showed up with the Indians, Merkle was playing first. I was sitting on the bench that day. Merkle got a double in the second inning and in the third he grabbed her three, about four feet over his head. In the next inning he jumped for a few more high ones and got out and then dug several out of the dirt at his feet. He tripped in the fourth inning, too, and in the sixth. Effectively, yet mild. Don't gripe, 25, at your Druggist.

Buckley's Arnica Salve for Burns.

SON OF DAN PATCH HERE FOR TRAINING

Direct Patch, Four Years Old, Owned By T. H. O'Brien of Fond du Lac, Arrives at Local Track.

By C. E. (Buck) Hunter.

T. H. O'Brien of Fond du Lac on Saturday, last, shipped in five head of trotters, principally pacers, the top horse of the bunch being a four year old son of the champion pacer, Dan Patch, 1:55. This offspring is a trotter and is called Direct Patch, out of a mare by Directum. The next best horse in the bunch is Bell Patch, by the same sire, that goes on the pace.

Buck Hunter, 2:10, has recently been converted from the trot to the pace, and is taking very kindly to the new gait. A mile in 2:14 before coming into the limit of his work so far this season, Bessie Woodland, 2:01 1/4, by Woodland Boy, 2:07 1/4, is the fastest pacer in the O'Brien stable at present. Bessie has been racing very successfully for the past three years and out of all the starts she has made has always been a hard contender and usually getting a piece of the money. Cecil Woodland, full sister to Bessie, has a record of 2:19 1/4 made two years ago, and has been very unfortunate the last year in not being able to start. While she has shown more speed than her sister, it is only to be hoped that she will be able to hear the bell this season.

The O'Brien horses are in charge of Frank Nolchek, who has trained Mr. O'Brien's horses since he has been in the game, and it is only to be hoped that good luck will follow him this season, as in the past.

The heavy rain on Friday put the jinx on training and it was the intention of one or two trainers to do some fast work, consequently the news end of the horse game will have to hold over until some fair day when the track is right and then we will be able to give you the full line of work.

A Gilmore, "the hoof artist," that was here last season during our races, was very much surprised to see the improvements that have been made on the grounds. Mr. Gilmore has just returned from the Michigan short ship circuit, where he has been doing the shoeing, and declares there is no place outside of Detroit that will equal Janeville for fair grounds.

The construction work on the new buildings at the fair grounds are at a standstill, not a little attention and the dispatch with which the work on the grandstand is progressing has dispelled all uneasiness aroused for fear it would not be completed in time for the opening. Ten more carpenters were set at work on the structure during the week; the roof has been erected and the seats are now being placed. Without a doubt it will be in shape for the opening day of the fair.

CRANDALL TO TWIRL AGAINST NORTH ENDS

Crandall and Hall Will Be Janeville Battery in Game Sunday at Vost Park.

Ladies and Gentlemen: The batters for today will be Janeville Cardinals, Crandall and Hall; for Beloit, Bush and North. Play Ball!

This will be the announcement of Ump. Cook when he calls the Janeville Cardinals and Beloit North Ends into action at Vost Park Sunday afternoon if former threats of rain prevent the game.

The Milton College twirler will grace the rubber for the Cards, and Crandall should be in prime form to move down the Beloit swatsmen. The last time Crandall opposed the North Ends it was all pie for the locals, for he made the Beloiters take the dreary end of a 6 to 1 score and came near rubbing the whitewash brush over Beloit's slab, artfully "go" his two games this year against the Cards. The Janeville nine trumming him 11 to 10. Janeville also, The Cardinals ranks will be formed as follows: Hall, c; Crandall, p; Porter, 1b; Butters, 2b; Hell, ss; Ryan, 3b; Nehr, Berger and Sullivan in the outer garden. Cook of Janeville and Moran of Beloit will do the arbitrating.

The biggest crowd of the year is expected, as the Beloit and Janeville K. C.'s hold a joint picnic at the park.

AMUSEMENTS

THE APOLLO.

The van-de-ville program now being played at the Apollo theater will continue tonight and tomorrow, matinee and night. The three Japs at attracting considerable interest.

Monday, for one day only, Cecilia Loftus, one of America's most popular actresses, will be seen in a famous Players production. A more complete announcement will be found on page four tonight.

On Wednesday, "Way Down East" comes to Janeville for the first time in photo play.

FAIR HORSES WILL BE HERE FAIR WEEK

George Gano, Dazel Patch, And Electric Patch of the M. W. Savage Stables to Appear on Local Track.

By C. E. (Buck) Hunter.

President John C. Nichols of the Janeville Park Association has closed contract with the M. W. Savage stock farm for the appearance of George Gano, time 2:02, the fastest stallion ever driven in a team or single to appear on the local track, during the coming Janeville Fair and drive against the track record for the mile and also the half mile for state record. Dazel Patch, the fastest of the young colts of the famous Dan Patch will be his team mate and will be entered in the 2:18 pace, without entry money or hopes for prize to drive against time and with a view of obtaining experience in a large field of horses prepared to start in the famous \$20,000 purse at the Panama canary exposition.

Dazel Patch has a record of 2:02 1/4 and is one of the best of the younger horses on the circuit today. With these two famous pacers comes Electric Patch, a three year old trotter who recently took down a record of 2:12 and is one of the prides of the famous Savage stables. Electric Patch will do exhibition stunts.

The day of exhibition will be Asida from the farm. Mrs. Savage will confide to the care of his head trainer Mr. Lang, a noted eastern driver some of his promising colts that will be entered in the various purse events of the four days racing program. In order to bring into prominence the importance of the appearance of his string of horses at Janeville Mr. Savage has planned to be present and has invited hundreds of men and women to attend the fair to witness the performance of his horses. Mr. Nichols is to be congratulated on securing this attraction and it is understood that the horses will yearn Janeville made harnesses from his factory during their appearance in the city.

SECOND DAY'S PROGRAM TO PLEASE HIBERNIANS

Chautauqua Lecture on "Ireland and Irishmen" Will Be Given by Alexander Corkery.

Janeville Hibernians will take special pleasure in the afternoon program of the second day of the chautauqua, when Alexander Corkery will give his lecture on "Ireland and Irishmen." Corkery says, he is an Irishman and glad of it, being Irish essentially, he applied his voice to the more social and economic problems of the American people. Life is mighty sweet and good to Dr. Corkery. He has lots of fun. His audiences, leaving the chautauqua tent, will believe this and will return to the day's work with more laughter and a much finer disposition toward their fellows than had they not heard him.

For the evening program of the second day, Dr. Stephen Everett Crowe gives a stereopticon lecture on the Panama-Pacific exposition and Mr. Corkery gives another popular lecture. Music for the day will be furnished by the Mason jubilee singers.

The personnel of this company is made up of cultured and worthy young people, they know what it is to be in the life of their race and the music of their race that delights an American audience. It will be their pleasure to render in a very much more than unusually acceptable manner, and with the keen understanding which they have of their implied meanings, a great many of the old negro songs. Prof. Dubois makes the statement that the negro has always exercised more creative power in the realm of music than has the white race of American soil. Whether he is right or not, this occasion is one

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The Janesville Gazette

New Bldg. 200-201 E. Milwaukee St.
INTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT JANESEVILLE
U.S. AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

The Gazette does not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising or other advertising of an objectionable nature. Every advertiser in our columns is placed with full confidence in the character and reliability of the advertiser and the truth of the representations made. Readers of the Gazette will confer a favor if they will not write to the publisher or the head of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in a Gazette advertisement.

DAILY EDITION

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

BY CAREER	\$6.00
One Year	\$6.00
One Month	\$1.50
One Year CASH IN ADVANCE	\$5.00
Three Months	\$1.25
BY MAIL CASH IN ADVANCE	\$4.00
One Year	\$4.00
Three Months	\$1.25
ONE DELIVERY IN ROCK COUNTY	\$3.00
One Year	\$3.00

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

"Do show me God," I cried, and walked beside my friend; "I wish to feel, to realize, to know, God's place with Man below."

We entered a cathedral vast, With gilded spires and minarets and dome And golden cross raised high in air. We watched the worshipers afar; God was not there.

Within a mosque we heard the prayers, Scented sweet incense floating there. We saw Him not.

A church we entered, organ tones With vibrant harmony did roll, Setting the tender human soul to carry it aloft;

Our senses it inspired with hope,

But truth must still in darkness grope.

It was not God.

We walked the country dark and drear.

No stars shone forth, a blinding flash, a roar, a gleam;

Two from the steely tracks were thrown.

One stopped to bind the other's wounds,

And God was there.

We stood within the tents of war, A sweet-faced angel flitted round;

A drink of water here she passed,

To speak kind comfort to the next,

Writing a letter for a third.

Looked; I dared not speak a word,

For Christ walked by her side.

The city street was traffic filled,

The cry of "Fire" our bosoms thrilled;

We watched the run, the ladders high,

Flame-clouds were mounting to the sky;

There one appeared at window clear,

Saving a life to someone dear,

Leaving his own—I looked again,

Behold, it was the Christ.

E. M. Rodebaugh is the author of his choice little poem, which defines so clearly God's place. It should help to clear away some of the fog and mysteries which cloud the minds of so many people who have been taught to believe that the only dwelling place of Deity is up above the canopy of blue in a place called heaven, which mortal eye hath never seen.

A little girl of half a dozen summers is very curious to know where God is, and frequently keeps her mother guessing with all sorts of questions as to what He looks like, and how she might recognize Him. If she should happen to meet Him.

Many older brains are troubled in some way because the supernatural or spirit life is so unreal, and so difficult to comprehend that all efforts to solve the problem are lost in mystery.

To this class of thinkers, the God of nature is in no way related to the God of grace, and people who find sanctity which satisfies, in the realm of his great outdoors, and neglect the ample dedicated to worship, are considered blasphemers.

These narrow-minded mortals are no more charitable to the larger class of God's children who devote their lives to service, with no thought of future reward, or of heaven as a final dwelling place.

To their notion a profession of faith in some creed, and enrollment in some church record, is a passport to the life to come, and this is of most importance.

They regard morality and honesty as virtues which God has nothing to do with, and the people who possess them are entitled to no particular credit unless they profess religion.

They seem to find satisfaction in saying that neighbor Jones is a good, moral man, and it is too bad that he must be finally damned, and all because he isn't a professor.

Have you ever met this class of people? They are found in every community—people who assume the divine right to censors, and who occupie a little pedestal elevated above the common herd, and who profess a standard of perfection which is absolute.

These people never see God except as revealed to the eye of over-wrought imagination, and their conception of him is that He occupies a throne out beyond the stars, where some day in his great hereafter they hope to meet Him face to face.

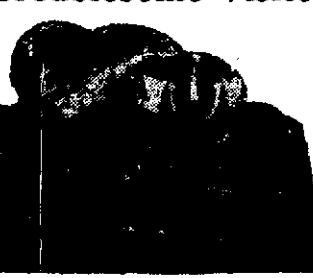
Should their hopes be realized they say that it is difficult to recognize him as does the little girl whose mind is not yet capable of reasoning.

Here is a little creed, based on the theology of no particular church, enforced by many people who may or may not be subscribers to any particular faith, who believe that the life of the here and now is of supreme importance.

"I believe that God is everywhere, that He fills this and every other and is full of His presence that it influences human life, and brings out the best there is in humanity.

I believe that every child which comes into being, whether in Christian or heathen lands, is a child of God, that He has no favorites, and that

"Mister Badger" Proved to Be a Very Troublesome Visitor



While the diminutive badger is the emblem of the great State of Wisconsin, his appearance in the vicinity of Janesville has caused many old timers to shake their heads and recall the days when the little animal was known through the fact that the miners in the western part of the state used to work their shafts in the winter and come to the surface of the earth in the spring with the results of their toil in the shape of huge piles of shining lumps of the "In-hards" of the earth.

While Laurence Kehoe and Bert Kutt were working in the hay field on the Kehoe farm, three miles out on the Milton road, they discovered the presence of a badger under a log. The badger had been cut and was being pitched into hay cocks when the animal made his appearance, and for a time he was master of all he surveyed.

He attacked his assailants in true badger style and made things interesting for them, showing that he did not bawl his name. For fighting a badger has cards and spades or any other beast who is playing for game. Master Badger concluded that if he must be captured he would make his captors remember the fight, and he has.

It was not until he was pinned to the ground by the tyers of a pitchfork so securely he could do nothing but snarl that he was subdued. Even then he fought savagely for freedom, and even when secured by a leather collar and a length of good strong chain and wire did he give up the fight.

In the picture he is noted as sitting on top of a barrel. He did not like the position, did not like the camera man, and wanted to bite and show his skill as a "fighting man." He was in restraint, however, by a series of fine wires from his collar to a good sized chain he could not break, and is now the possession of his captors.

On The Spur of The Moment

The Musical Comedy

It's not very hard to write.

At least it shouldn't be;

Take some old plot that's rather trite

And very plain to see.

Steal all the situations and

Steal all the music, too.

From some big hits of bygone years,

As many authors do.

Be sure and have a tenor and

A mezzo who's a peach;

Be sure and have the scenes

Beside the curtain beach.

Be then sure to have the bathing suits

Cut short, but very loud.

In that way you are always sure

To draw the baldhead crowd.

The chorus girls they need not sing,

But must be long on looks;

Their costumes must be taken from

The latest fashion books.

You need one good comedian

To lurch into view,

And spring some jokelets that were

heard.

When Babylon was new;

Some coo-goo-goo-losesick songs,

The kind that whittle well;

Some chorus men in high silk hats

Make the production "swell."

Take these ingredients and add

A well-known, high-priced star,

Get some durned fool to back her,

With coin, and there you are.

Uncle Abner.

You kin lead a Mexican president

to water, but you can't make him drink it.

All fellers are free and eke in this country, provided they have got money.

There was a fellier through our town the other day trying to git a right-way fer a wireless telegraph. Well, there don't seem to be nothing to him den.

An optimist is a fellier who kin look a butcher shop in the face and smile.

To amass a fortune a fellier has got to do something besides git up at 5 o'clock in the morning.

A Chicago young woman was bound and gagged while she was playin' the pianin'. This sort of thing ought to happen often.

Len Higgins has been savin' up his money for five years to go to a summer resort for a week, but thinks he ain't saved enough, and will wait and go next season.

A fellier can't show his patriotism any better by swatting a fly whenever he sees one.

Next to carryin' on a pleasant conversation with your wife's relatives is the hardest thing in this world to do is to ride on the back end of a motorcycle over a corduroy road.

"Inasmuch as there is goin' to be a bumper alfalfa crop in the west this season there won't be no shortage of campaign cigars this fall.

Old Stuff.

"The groom was attired in conventional black."

"Smoking allowed on the four rear seats."

"Save your wrappers."

"Good morning, judge."

"Come up to dinner with us SOME night."

"A widow woman."

"Please pay the cashier."

"Large and respectable audience."

"No pictures will be shown which will offend the most fastidious."

"Don't lean on the showcase."

"Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Be a man."

Traffic Signals.

In order that the automobileists, wagons, drivers, pedestrians and others may understand the system of traffic signals now in use in cities we have decided to publish them.

Signals given by traffic officers:

When signaling "Come on," wiggle the ears vigorously and kick three times with the left hind foot.

When signaling "Stand still," scratch the left ear and reach around to the hip pocket for a chew of tobacco.

When signaling "Turn to the right," wiggle the right elbow slightly and place the left thumb in watch pocket.

When signaling "Turn to the left," tap pavement gently with the left foot and wiggle the upper lip.

When signaling "Back up," wiggle little finger on right hand and rub left foot against right shin.

Any automobileist who can remember these signals will get into no trouble.

Buck's Arnica Salve for Cuts,

Burns, Sores

Mr. E. S. Loper, Marcellus, N. Y., writes: "I have never had a Cut, Burn, Wound or Sores it would not heal." Get a box of Buck's Arnica Salve today. Keep handy at all times for Burns, Sores, Cuts, Wounds. Prevents Lockjaw, 25c, at your Druggist.

MAJESTIC-ROYAL

Every Thursday.

THE

MILLION

DOLLAR

MYSTERY

Every Thursday.

MAJESTIC-ROYAL

THE

WEDNESDAY

An old time favorite for the first time in motion pictures.

The Folks From

"Way Down East"

With a notable cast.

All seats 10c.

Apollo Theatre

TEMPTING RECIPES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES

These recipes for preparing vegetables are offered by Miss Cora E. Blinzel, instructor in home economics, University of Wisconsin extension division.

Fresh Peas.—Wash the peas, shell, cover the pods with cold water, and boil for twenty minutes; drain, add peas to this water, and

Let Me Save You About One-Half of Your Family Dental Bill

ALL work guaranteed.
Ask me about Painless work.
DR. F. T. RICHARDS
PAINLESS DENTISTRY
Office Over Rehberg's.

MAKING GREAT PLANS FOR FAIR IN AUGUST

PARK ASSOCIATION DIRECTORS PROMISE FINE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT.

LIST OF ATTRACTIONS

Excellent Speed Program, Vaudeville Acts, Band Music and Political Speakers Are Secured.

Of the business of this country is done by bank checks instead of the handling of money because it is the safest and most convenient way of doing business. The few people who are not taking advantage of the convenience offered by a bank, such as this are placing themselves in the same class as the ones who are not up-to-date in other respects.

Let us explain the convenience of a checking account to you.

The First National Bank

Established 1855.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—Used five-passenger Ford car at a bargain. See Janesville Motor Co., 17-19 S. Main St. 18-7-25-3t.

FOR SALE—Girl's Bicycle, in splendid condition, \$10 takes it. Janesville Motor Co., 17-19 S. Main St. 48-7-25-3t.

FOR RENT—Furnished cottage up the river. B. P. Crossman, phone Red 602. 49-7-25-3t.

WANTED BY young man, farm work. Phone 541. white. 2-7-25-3t.

POST—Between Milton and Janesville, last week, long flexible shaft for speedometer on automobile. Reward. Address Gazette, 25-7-25-2t.

FOR RENT—Modern up-to-date newly decorated house, fine location, owner leaving city. Snap Address House, care Gazette. 11-7-25-6t.

NOTICE TO COAL DEALERS

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned, City Clerk of the City of Janesville, Wisconsin, until July 31st, 1914, at 2 p.m. for furnishing the City with one hundred and thirty-five tons of hard coal as follows: one hundred and ten tons bituminous coal, one hundred and ten tons coke-oven coal and ten tons small egg coal, for immediate delivery at the five stations, and fifty tons small egg coal and twenty-five tons buckwheat coal for delivery at City Hall as ordered.

Each bidder reserves the right to reject any bid.

July 22, 1914.

J. P. HAMMARLUND,
City Clerk.

NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS. July water bills are due on or before Saturday, July 25th, and must be paid or service will be discontinued.

THE JANESEVILLE WATER CO.

Van Pool Bros. have begun excavating for a residence for C. J. Muschler, proprietor of the Milton Ave. grocery store. The building will be two and one-half stories high with a basement, coal, one and a half tons of coke-oven coal and ten tons small egg coal, for immediate delivery at the five stations, and fifty tons small egg coal and twenty-five tons buckwheat coal for delivery at City Hall as ordered.

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WOMAN'S PAGE

The Evening Chit-Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON

ARE YOU GROWING?

THE above couplet is the conclusion of a clever little satire aimed at the foolish self-satisfaction which underlines most of our protestations of humility and unworthiness.

Since I read it, it has popped into my mind every time I have been inclined to be pleased with myself over some childish little accomplishment, and I pass it along in the hope that it may do the same bubble-pricking service for others.

"Self-satisfied are most of us."

And with how little satisfied. Isn't it half appealing and half amusing when you stop to think how little we are pleased with ourselves? The tiny effort toward self-improvement, the slight measure of business success, the trifling act of self-sacrifice, the small social triumph which we have achieved fill us with a warm glow of triumph simply because it was we ourselves, and not another who achieved them. If we were only half, say one-tenth, so pleased, one-tenth so impressed with our neighbors' achievements we should indeed be pleased to live with mediocrities because their progress is arrested by the stupefying intoxicant of self-satisfaction as are ruined by the more commonly recognized variety of intoxication.

I verily believe that as many men remained mediocre because their progress is arrested by the stupefying intoxicant of self-satisfaction as are ruined by the more commonly recognized variety of intoxication.

But should one never feel self-satisfied even if one has really accomplished something worth while, you ask?

No, never. Approve of yourself if you deserve it when judged by the same standards by which you judge your neighbor; but don't be self-satisfied, because then you will stop trying to improve, and that is one of the greatest tragedies that can come to any man or woman.

If a man is growing spiritually before he is fifteen or sixteen years old, we feel that a very sad thing has happened. When a man or woman stops growing spiritually and mentally this side of the grave, a far sadder thing has happened.

Do you ever stop and ask yourself if you are still growing? Are you broadening out mentally in any direction? Do you do whatever work is your portion in life—be it teaching, bookkeeping, selling, managing men, or homemaking—a little better toady than you did five years ago?

Are you growing spiritually? Are you building up your character? Have you had any better control of your temper than you had five years ago? Have you succeeded in doing something toward crushing out that tendency to jealousy or that habit of procrastination?

While there's life, there should be growth.

In nature when a thing stops growing it begins to decay. So self-satisfaction, with its arrest of growth, is apt to lead to mental and spiritual gangrene. Are you still growing? If not, look out.

Heart and Home Problems

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: (1) Will you please tell me how to make turtle soup? Which turtles are used, soft or hard shell?

MRS. M.

(1) Usually soft-shell turtles are used, as the meat is easier to get out, but a hard-shell turtle can be used just as well.

After the head is cut off, plunge the body into boiling water to loosen the shell. The bottom shell comes off comparatively easy. Dig out the meat and discard entrails, just as if you were cleaning a chicken. Use only the

good, clean meaty parts and cut these into small pieces not larger than dice. To two pounds of turtle meat use four carrots, three onions, a little thyme and parsley, pepper and salt to taste and four quarts cold water. Slice the onions and two of the carrots and fry brown in drippings. Tie the thyme and parsley in a little cloth bag, to be dropped into the cold water, grate the carrots two carrots into water and boil slowly for hours. Then strain and season, boil fifteen minutes longer and serve hot.

(2) Nut bread: Four cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half cup sugar, two cups milk, one egg, one cup walnuts (raisins, too, if desired). Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together, then add nuts (and raisins if used). Beat egg in milk and add, stirring with knife. Put in greased pan, let stand twenty minutes, then bake one hour in slow oven.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: We are two girls of nineteen and fourteen years of age.

(1) Is there too much difference in our ages for us to chum together?

(2) What would be nice to take

MAGGIE K.

(1) Massage the face with cold cream every night and wipe off surplus cream with a clean cloth. Next morning wash the face with fairly hot water and mild soap, then rinse with cold water. If the blackheads appear soft enough, prick with a needle (sterilized in boiling water), and gently press out the blackhead. Don't bruise the skin and if the blackhead is not soft enough, wait a day or two, repeating the cold cream and hot water treatment. After squeezing out the blackhead, wash the spot with peroxide or alcohol. Keep up the cold cream massage every night to clear the skin of all dirt, and always wash the face in the morning with warm water and mild soap, and rinse well afterward with cold water, our skin will soon become so healthy that you will have no blackheads. Meantime, of course, keep your stomach and bowels in good condition and eat no rich, sharp or spicy foods.

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Side Lights On The Circus Business

By
D. W. WATT

(Copyrighted.)

In my time in the business there was a saying that good elephants never die, and that if it weren't for the bad ones that had to be executed, there could be far less brought into the country. Their peculiar habits and shrewdness makes them an interesting animal to write about, for they are always doing something.

Good elephants never are vicious, but the bad ones and murderous. The bad ones are apt to get that way about once a year, especially as they grow old. At such times they get out sudden fits of uncontrollable rage, such as Canada had, and woe be to what ever living thing is in their way then.

Sometimes, however, a good temper elephant is spoiled by a cruel keeper. There was John Nathaniel, who had after his first owner for 18 years. White "Elephant Bill" had him in charge he was as good as an elephant could be, but after Cooley had him at while in the John O'Brien show he got so bad that they had to kill him. He killed a female elephant and a man named Bill Pearl, I think, at Frankfort or Germantown, then, they killed him.

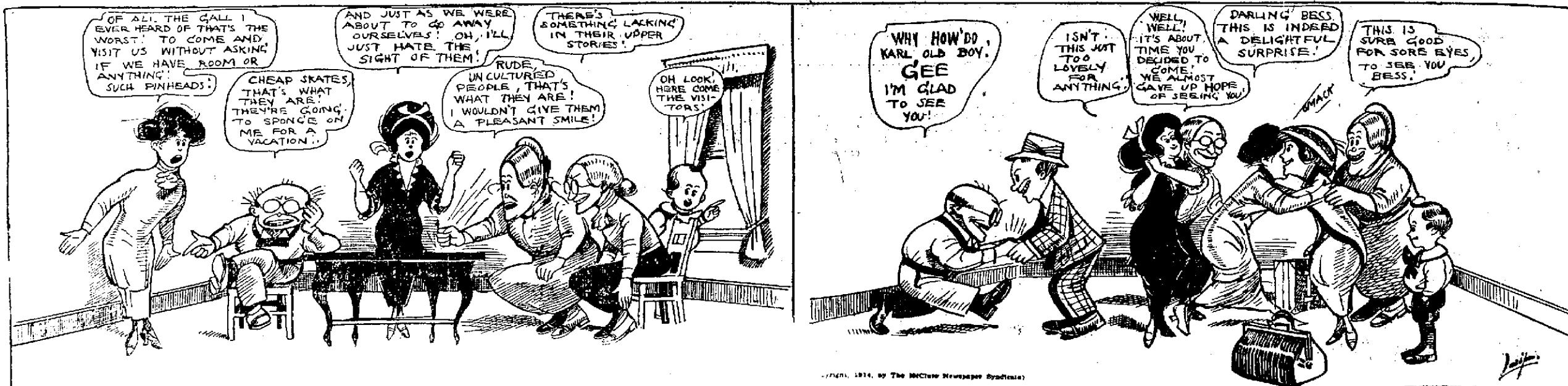
An elephant can't worse than any other animal when he is wicked, because he has so much intelligence, and planning, devility, and cunning.

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At the end of the year, when I was traveling with Babie's show, we were going to Independence, Iowa, the town where Mr. Alder, our manager, had died, and as it was his own town, we wanted to put on some style there, so we had three elephants fitted up in the grand dragon. They were ten feet tall, went first. Mary, a small grey elephant, was

the largest, and Sultan, a very big bull elephant, was between the shafts. We had to cross a bridge going into the town—a wooden bridge, forty feet long, over the rocky bed of a stream. All the water had gone out of, when you come to a bridge with elephants it just go as you please, unless you please.

It took us a long time to get across, because the water was all



DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—Well, They Had to Be Polite.

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer
Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY
LARGEST VARIETY



WHITTEMORE'S SHOE POLISHES, only liquid shoe dressing that positively stains Oil, Black, Colored and Pink shoes; ladies' and children's shoes, shiny without rubbing, etc. "FRENCH GLOSS," etc. "DANDY" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "STAR" size 16c. "QUICK WHITE" in liquid form with sponges, 16c. "ALBO" Suede and velveteen, 16c. "BLACK" SUEDE and CANVAS SHOES. In round white cakes packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 16c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamp and we will mail you a sample and charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.,
20-28 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
Shoe Polishes in the World.

A JANESEVILLE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Results Tell the Tale.

Can you doubt the evidence of this Janesville citizen?

You can verify Janesville endorsement.

Read this:

C. W. Allen, retired farmer, 468 N. Chatham St., Janesville, says: I suffered from rheumatic pains in my back when I bent over and my muscles and joints were twisted out of shape. My feet were swollen and the flesh under my eyes was all puffed up. I couldn't sleep well, my kidneys acted too freely and the secretions were scanty. The passages were accompanied by a burning pain. I had to be awfully careful, or I would catch cold on my kidneys. I spent hundreds of dollars for doctors' treatments, but I kept growing worse. One day the doctor told me I would be dead in three months. I got Doan's Kidney Pills from the People's Drug Co. and they completely and permanently cured me. My kidneys have been in good shape since. The swelling has all left me and the rheumatic pain is all gone. I am bold and hearty, even if I am over seventy-seven years old. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after three doctors gave me up.

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Allen had. Health.

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

By JOSEPH KNOWLES

Copyright, 1913, by Small, Maynard & Co.

Swish! They were at it again, and another wild scene would be repeated. In the end that spunky little chipmunk actually beat the red squirrel and drove him off.

After that the red squirrel used to come around every day and from a distance would scream and scold at the chipmunk (the red squirrel has a sort of bark). Then he would see me and begin to bark at me because he knew I was friendly with the chipmunk. At this the chipmunk came right up to me and began to play around my feet, though I had never attempted to make friends with him. He made friends with me.

I knew what went on in the minds of these little animals.

Sleeping with one's back against the roots of a spruce blowdown, in fair weather is not the worst thing in the world, but that morning when I awoke in the wilderness—the day after I had found the deer killed by the wildcat—it was raining hard.

Digging down into my pack, I found some dried raspberries, of which I ate sparingly.

After breakfast I packed up my small dsocks and bearskin and started off again along the natural game trail. I didn't select any special direction, but after walking for some time I saw that I was headed for what is known as the Horseshoe country.

This morning the feeling within me to give up the experiment was stronger than ever. I hated the woods, the world and myself.

I walked on for miles, going wherever the path took me, until well into the afternoon, when I suddenly perceived that I was pretty well into a swamp. Desirous of getting as far away as possible, I hadn't noticed where the trail was leading me.

Thinking I could get through the bog all right, I kept straight ahead.

Night came on with a rush. I decided to pick out the driest place I could find and camp there for the night, but

Once when the noon came out again I saw some kind of a clearing in front of me. In the distance I could just make out the outline of higher land against the sky. With this gone in sight, I increased my weary efforts.

I had nearly reached the center of this opening on the dead cedars, which were half buried in the grass and mud, when discovered in my path a dead stream. I followed along the mud soggy bank, searching for fallen tree where I might cross. Finally I found one and was mighty thankful for it, as the footing was getting almost impossible. Carefully I began to walk over that fallen tree, and treacherous footing it was, for the bark was as slippery as glass. I curled up my toes like a monkey to get a better hold, hoping that the moon would light my way until I got to the other side. But luck was not with me that night, for no sooner did hope of the moon enter my head than a black shadow fell across my path. Inky blackness again settled down over the wilderness, leaving me helpless.

I tried to stand perfectly still to get my bearings, but suddenly the bark under my feet seemed to slip, and I was thrown into the mud and water below. I remember as I rose to my knees I felt as if I didn't care what happened. I was weary in body and mind, but I kept on struggling.

It took every ounce of strength I had left to get my legs out of the mud and crawl back on to the log. I waited for the moon again, but it didn't appear, so I commenced to crawl along on my hands and knees to the other end of the log.

Finally I reached the other side. Over there, what was my dismay to find that the mud was even worse. Then I discovered that I was on a floating log. I knew it would be useless to go on, so I again crawled back over the log. Struggling back to the big bog I had just left, I found a place under some scrub spruce and cedars, where I waited for the morning light.

It was the longest night I ever spent, and when morning finally dawned I was, to use a familiar expression, "all in."

The mere realization that I could move myself around without fear of tripping over some fallen tree gave me courage to go back through the swamp in search of my pack. After a short tramp through the mud I came upon signs of my spotted trail and presently found the dead cedar on which it hung.

That night found me with a good fire in my lean-to on the northwest side of Bear mountain. More from exhaustion than anything else I dropped into a deep sleep, but it was not a restful one.

I awoke in the darkness burning up

very much taxpayer.

The thought came confusedly into my mind that it was September. Any way, I had stayed until September!

Presently I started off again. I could not see very clearly. Nevertheless I could hear perfectly well, for the next moment I heard an awful racket on the trail to my left.

CHAPTER IX.
The Battle of the Moose.

URIOSITY cleared my brain, and temporarily I forgot my own condition. There was a fallen tree just ahead, which I walked up to and then stopped, for just a little way beyond a crotchhorn moose and a big bull moose were engaged in a terrific struggle.

Watching them draw apart only to come together again with mighty impact, smashing the branches of the trees and tearing up the underbrush, the excitement made me completely forget myself.

That was the most terrible battle I ever saw between animals in the forest. Evidently they had been fighting for some time, for they were bleeding badly and breathing heavily.

The last charge had resulted in a clinch, and already the big bull moose was drawing back for another rush. Lowering his head, he made a savage plunge. The younger moose cleverly sidestepped the attack, and as the big animal crashed by he drove his sharp spikes into his neck with fearful force.

Down they went to the ground together.

Being the more active, the young moose recovered his footing first, striking out savagely with his forefeet at his rising foe. Then the big bull staggered to his feet. A huge gash in his neck showed red. With a shaggy mane bristling and lowered head he prepared for another charge.

The young moose was apparently fighting on the defensive. He evaded rush after rush and retaliated with hoofs and horns, tearing gash after gash in the head and body of his aggressive enemy.

Sometimes it was a running fight. At others they would rear on their hind legs, fall into a clinch, lock horns and during the struggle continually surge against the saplings and dry cedars, breaking them down with a crash and tearing up the ground around them.

I think in an affair of this kind it is natural for any man to take sides.

I took sides with the young moose. The big bull was forcing the fight, and I hoped to see him beaten.

They paid no attention to me, however, and once even came within twenty feet of where I was standing.

After awhile the big fellow got the crotch horn down and began to gore his side frightfully. I yelled and, picking up a club, buried it at the bull. He threw up his head, panting, and stood looking straight at me.

In an instant the young moose was on its feet and away. Then the big moose whirled about and followed after him.

Completely forgetting my sickness, I threw down my pack and went after them. At first I thought they were running away from me, but just then the crotch horn dashed into a thicket of saplings, through which the big bull tried to follow. The trees, however, were not spread wide enough apart to admit the broad antlers, and so the big fellow was hung up in one style.

Then you should have seen that young moose! He turned like a dash, rushed back with lowered head and thrashed that big bell in terrible fashion. He gashed him again and again, besides drawing fresh blood with his hoofs. Rising on his hind legs, he would strike with all his strength with his front feet.

The repeated blows staggered the big moose, and he fought frantically to free himself. This he managed to do after a time, and, bellowing at the top of his lungs, he made for the young moose, who sidestepped and dashed away again.

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--AND HE DID

IT TAKES ME TO GET A BARGAIN. THESE EGGS WERE ONLY TEN CENTS A DOZEN. I'LL HAVE 'EM FOR LUNCH!

AND HE DID

! ? !

HEN

Dinner Stories

One Sunday morning Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store, distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper.

Mr. Moody approached the old gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then looking up benignly at Moody, asked, "Are you a reformed drunkard?" "No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back indignantly. "Then, why in hell don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

They paid no attention to me, however, and once even came within twenty feet of where I was standing.

After awhile the big fellow got the crotch horn down and began to gore his side frightfully. I yelled and, picking up a club, buried it at the bull. He threw up his head, panting, and stood looking straight at me.

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Homes of Character.

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Our Great Second Floor.

We make homes cozy because it is our business to do so. There is in the heart of every home-loving woman the desire to have things properly harmonized and blended thus making the home comfortable and attractive. We know of no other store which so fully comprehends the requirements for artistic decoration of homes of every class or which provides so lavishly the needed materials.

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Have you a porch you would like to screen in, or a few windows and doors that need screens.

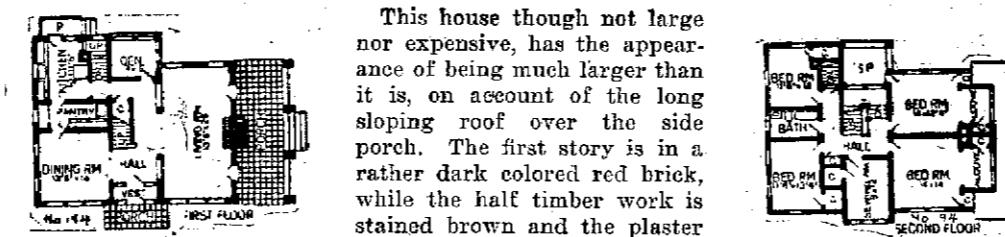
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We make a first class line of screens at prices that are right. Let us figure with you.

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An English Brick and Half Timber House—By John Henry Newson
"Home of Character" No. 194



This house though not large nor expensive, has the appearance of being much larger than it is, on account of the long sloping roof over the side porch. The first story is in a rather dark colored red brick, while the half timber work is stained brown and the plaster tinted a cream color. The roof is in red slate or would be equally attractive in tile or green shingles.

The large living room is on the right of the hall and separated from it by a wide archway with columns and bookcase beneath. The den is at the rear of the hall underneath the stair landing. The kitchen, pantry and dining room are placed at the left of the hall, and the entire interior is carried out in the same style of architecture as the exterior. The second floor is reached by a wide open stairway from the main hall and a separate rear stairway from the kitchen. On this floor are four large bedrooms, with ample closets, sewing room, bathroom, and sleeping porch. The attic is finished in two rooms and is reached by stairs from the second floor hall.

This home will interest anyone desiring the best in architectural expression. A more complete description will be given upon application. Address your letter to John Henry Newson, "Homes of Character Dept." The Gazette and be sure to give the number, 194. Mr. Newson answers all inquiries concerning "Homes of Character" without charge.

The cost of a house of this type (38x38 ft.) will depend on the quality of materials used and the elaboration of detail. Using "stock" material throughout, it should be built for \$5000, but this cost could be increased two or three thousand dollars, and every dollar of this increase would show in the attractiveness of the home.

Do You Still Belong To The

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NEW GAS LIGHT COMPANY OF JANESEVILLE

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Even the most thoughtful and careful workmen cannot help making a mess with their work. Building or repairing cannot be done without it. But you can.

Escape the Dirt and Confusion

You will find it a capital scheme—many of our customers have. You can arrange with your carpenter and us to make all repairs, alterations and additions before you come home—and take away the shavings, shingles, pieces and dirt if you wish.

You won't be worn out when you go away and coming back to a home fixed up as good as new will be an added enjoyment to your restful summer—a pleasant surprise.

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LATEST NEWS BY CABLE

GLOOMY EXPRESSION
TYPICAL OF ENGLISHREPORTER UNABLE TO FIND
ONLY ELEVEN SMILING PEOPLE IN LONDON.

LONDON CABLE NOTES

Female "Bobbies" Will Be Provided to
Look after Suffragettes on Probation if Bill Passes.

London, July 25.—Whether Londoners really wear "looks of hopeless gloom" is a question that has stirred up the London newspapers, following an interview with A. C. Carmichael, the Australian politician, who says they do. Many changes and defenses of an indefinite kind have been made.

One journal has sent out a reporter for exact data. After wandering an hour through London's busiest streets and covering such centers of life as the Strand and Ludgate Hill, the reporter discovered but eleven smilers. Of the eleven with cheerful faces, three were women of the coster class, two shop girls, two stock exchange employees and three news vendors. The eleventh was a small boy who was tormenting a horse by flicking a dirty handkerchief at its nose.

The other thousands wore the "London scowl," which the reporter defined as a "deep, frowntive frown between the eyebrows, pucker'd eyes, a moody glance and the mouth drawn in a tight line, drooping at the corners."

One of the merry eleven, a human dervish selling papers on the embankment, said that in his philosophy, he found it as easy to look happy as glum.

"Appy looks 'll do a sight more for yer," he explained. "If only some of them 'awkers'd chuck the dismal line and go in for the merry and bright, they'd soon see the difference in their takin's."

Discover Belles.

Toe dancing is not a comparatively modern French invention, as is popularly supposed, since a piece of Egyptian pottery over 2,000 years old, now exhibited by the Institute of Archaeology, shows a girl taking such steps in modern ballet style.

The antiquity of toe dancing is only one of the things revealed by the Egyptian collection brought from Meroe in the Sudan by Prof. John Garstang. Stones of astronomical buildings there show considerable knowledge of the heavens. One stone was sketched an instrument for measuring angles and taking elevations, while another drawing tends to show that an effort was made to measure the circumference of the moon. Certain marks measuring the shadows of the sun indicate an effort to get the latitude and longitude of Meroe.

An entirely new language, which is at present a mystery, was also discovered by archeologists here, in certain inscriptions.

American Exhibition.

The latest addition to the Paris Art World is an exhibition of American Art by typical American artists. The exhibitors this year are Bryson Burroughs, Curator of Painting at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and Ernest Lawson, of the Art Students League, New York. The work of the two is in an entirely different. Lawson belongs to the Futuristic Impressionistic school, the palette knife being used more extensively than the brush, while Burroughs' work, especially his figure groups, are on the order of mural decorations, and the influence of Botticelli may be clearly seen in them. Lawson, in his landscapes, has admirably caught the clear American atmosphere. Every detail stands out in bold relief; there is no softening mask of haze, or dim suggestion of figures, such as one finds in the works of Corot and his contemporaries. The criticism has been made that his colors are too striking, but when the right perspective has been obtained, they become diffused and soften until they melt into a harmonious whole.

No Summer Diet.

American hot weather foods failed to take with the London public during the recent torrid spell, when the thermometer touched 90 degrees in the shade. The English restaurants in the business section reported no falling off in the orders for roast beef and Yorkshire, steak and kidney, pudding and peas and potatoes, although there was an unusual demand for currant rolls.

"All this talk about summer diet and keeping cool is Tommy rot," said the proprietor of an inn celebrated for its steak and kidney puddings. "I believe in a man sticking to his grub."

A customer ordered a glass of iced water from an old fashioned English waiter.

"Iced water! No, sir," he replied. "Stout or ale, sir, are very nice in this heat, sir."

At the same time, the shops selling soft drinks did a heavy business during the hot spell. London's ice supply ran very short and gave out entirely in many sections of the city.

Reform in Dress.

England's hot spell has started an agitation for reform in men's summer dress, but so far none have had courage to follow the American fashion of appearing in the street in shirt and belt. An Englishman never dispenses with the coat except when playing tennis and cricket and boating on the river. To appear without a coat in England is quite as unpardonable as it is to go coatless in the United States.

"My long-suffering brothers," asks one writer in a daily paper, "why not defy the women, take off our coats and waistcoats and be cool? They do these things in America, where a woman is a very independent creature. Why can't we do them here? Haven't we the pluck?"

"I was moved to these remarks," he continues, "by the sight of a gentleman, presumably from the states, sauntering down Shoe-lane. He looked radiantly cool and serenely happy. And for the first time in my mortal career I envied an American. As a fact, he also looked smart. His straw hat was neat; his soft collar and horizontal tie were dressy; the awkward transition from gauze to tweed was masked in a becoming silk band. He did not look at all feminine; on the contrary, he looked far more manly than the poor fellows in bales of tweed and homespun slouching around him."

The writer ends with the confession:

"We do not like our muggy dress, we do not hug our fettlers, we suffer, though with tears, for the sake of the ladies. The faulks like to see us looking 'smart.' Smart! Good gracious! And we are not even allowed to powder our gaudy complexions."

"Female 'Bobbies' will be a feature of London life if Lord Bentinck's amendment to the criminal justice bill is carried by Parliament. He proposes that each metropolitan and county

NEW WRITING SYSTEM
IS INTRODUCED AMONG
TURKISH ARMY RECRUITS

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

Constantinople, July 25.—With a view to the spread of education, a new system of writing has been introduced into Turkey, which is now being taught to the unlettered army recruits. It not only reduces the period for mastering the written language to a comparatively short one, but brings it within the mental limitations of the lower class.

Turkish writing has been an accomplishment of the few, since the people followed agriculture and left business to the hands of the educated Armenian. The new system resembles stenography, with three separate and distinct signs for each sound, according to their position in the word written. Like stenograph, it is necessary to know the word right first in order to read it correctly. To understand its difficulties, the same sign represents the sounds, o, ou, eu and v, and the reader has to know which of these sounds is intended.

In the new writing, words are spelled separately instead of being run together, with phonetic letters. This will greatly facilitate typesetting and allow the construction of a Turkish typewriter.

Each soldier is being taught the new writing, with the idea that he will introduce it to his family on returning to his native village. His interest in public affairs and sense of national unity will also grow with the reading of books and papers. This is the work that Enver Pasham the war minister, has undertaken.

CEMENT FACTORY BLOWN
TO PIECES BY DYNAMITE
BY NEW TRUST OWNERS

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

Dittingen, Canton of Bern, Switzerland, July 25.—An amusing story of oriental justice comes from the air of an Austrian subject, a twenty-year-old resident here for insulting the Turkish flag. The Austrian had walked about the streets with the flag around one shoe. As it was clear that he wore the flag in this fashion in order to offend the Turks, and as the Austrian consul with the backing of a powerful government demanded the man's release, the Turk on the bench wisely saved the honor of both countries by this ruling:

"The cause of the offense is the shoe," ruled the resourceful court. "You can therefore keep the man, and we will keep the shoe."

The Austrian was then released, while the offending shoe is still "doing time."

FORMOSAN TRIBESMEN
IN DEADLY BATTLES
WITH JAP SOLDIERS

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

Hong Kong, July 25.—Fighting still continues in Formosa between the natives and the Japanese, in spite of the superior arms and resources of the latter. In one of the recent collisions, a band of 200 tribesmen were mowed down by machine guns, losing a quarter of their number in dead and wounded. Yet in spite of forced retreats, the Formosans seem to present an difficult a problem in pacification as the Spaniards are facing in Morocco. Owing to the wild and rugged nature of the islands, which has never been explored by foreigners, the tribesmen are able to elude the forces they so seriously annoy.

UNIQUE MEMORIAL STATUE
FOR CHEMIST BERTHELOT;
THREE PEOPLE IN GROUP

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

Paris, July 25.—A monument which is to be unveiled soon in memory of Pierre Berthelot, the great French chemist, in front of the College de France, is an unusual memorial. The sculptor, Paul de Saint Marceaux, has not only made a statue of the chemist alone but has placed him in a bronze group which includes his wife and the great writer Ernest Renan, author of "The Life of Jesus." All three were for years united in the closest bonds of friendship. Renan, who was the first to die, was long mourned by the Berthelots, who outlived him some fifty years and who then died on the same night.

SIX THOUSAND WOMEN
SELL FLOWERS TO AID
THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

Paris, July 25.—An army of 6,000 women selling artificial flowers in a single day in Paris gathered more than \$20,000 for the French Red Cross Society. The campaign was a special one for the benefit of the sick and wounded French soldiers in Morocco. The women charity workers sold the little flowers not only in the streets but in the theaters and the principal cafes and restaurants. Their richest harvest was at the Velodrome on the night of the Johnson-Moran fight. Although the flowers were selling for only two cents, many of the spectators in the ringside dropped silver and gold into the collecting boxes.

TO WED NEW YORK BANKER IN AUGUST



The engagement of Miss Lucy Bigelow Dodge, granddaughter of late John Bigelow, once ambassador to France and America's foremost diplomat, to Walter J. Rosen, a New York banker, has just been announced.

1915 1915

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Value-in-head MOTOR CARS

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THE 1915 Buick has all the fundamental Buick principles with the addition of **every improvement** that has stood the Buick test of worth. In fact, the three chassis, while the same in all essentials as last year, have been improved in every particular where improvement was possible. Many important innovations this season are added to increase the value of the cars:

The new Delco system of starting, lighting and ignition with an increased generating capacity of 35% and automatic spark advance.

Controls conveniently located on instrument board in the cowl.

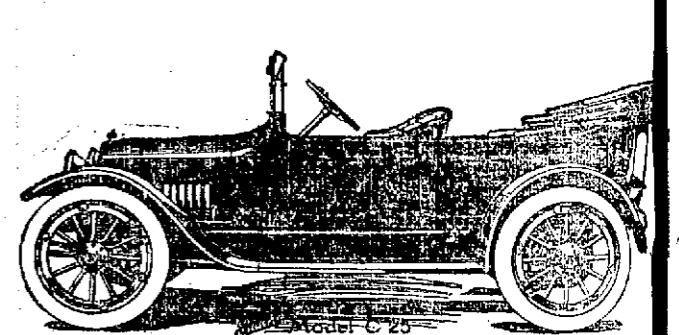
Non-skid tires on rear wheels.

Improved quality of leather for the upholstering and finer finish.

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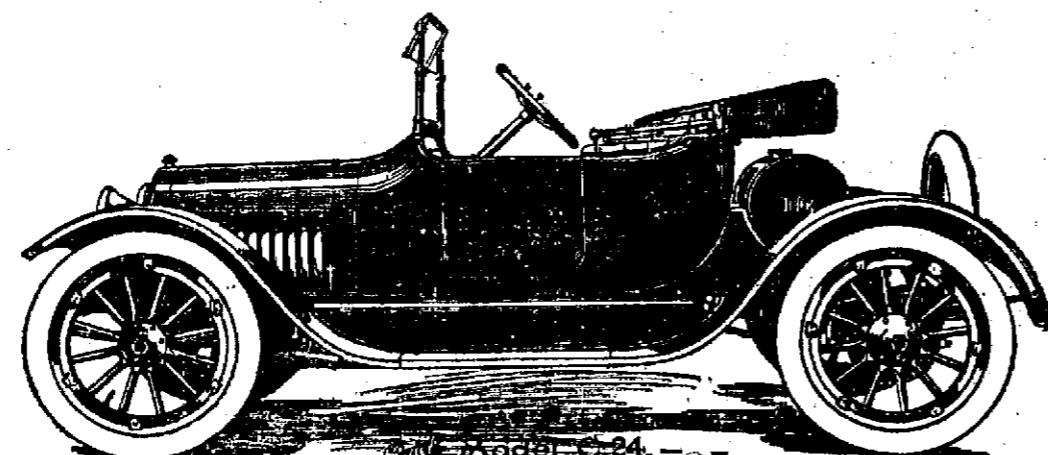
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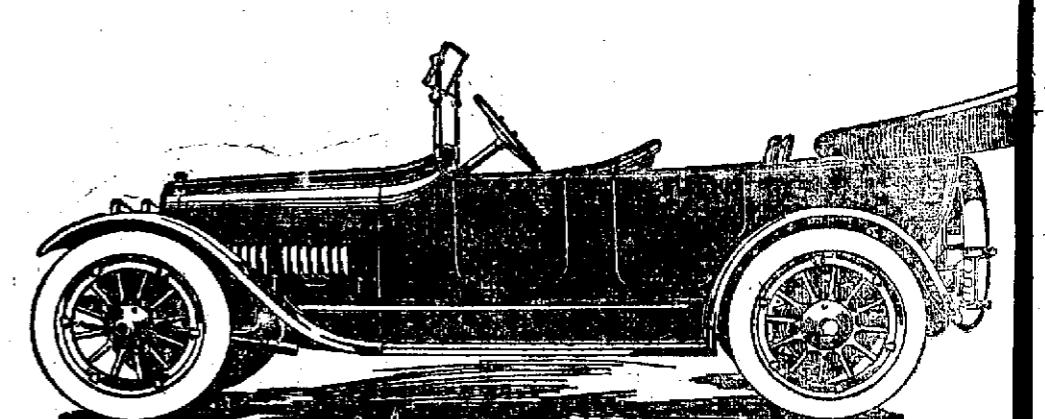
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NEED A CARD INDEX TO KNOW CANDIDATES

EACH OFFICE SEEKER HAS
PARTY OF HIS OWN, SO ALL
ARE SATISFIED.

COMMENT ON AFFAIRS

Milwaukee Correspondent Gives Late
Political Gossip and Also Touches
on the High Tax Question.
(By Ellis B. Usher.)

Milwaukee, July 25.—It is not surprising that I overlooked some of the candidates for governor and senator in my last letter. It is really necessary to keep a card index or a tally-stick, if one wants to be certain. I want to give you readers, like that is up-to-date as far as possible, news as far as known. Republican candidates for the United States senate: McGovern, Bancroft, Estabrook, Timothy Burke and Thomas Morris, with "Uncle Ike" Stephenson and John Strangs as further possibilities. Democratic candidates: T. M. Kearney and Paul Hustung, with the Gold Democrats to hear from. Republican candidates for governor: Hatton, Philipp, Dahl, Hull, Roethe, Utman. Democratic candidates: Karel and Aylward. The Social Democrats also have a candidate for each office.

Some More About Taxes.
I notice that Assistant Secretary of State Nagler seems to think it is a general fact that Minnesota's taxes are higher than those of Wisconsin. If Minnesota is more foolish than we are, it certainly ought to have the banner, but how will that help us out of our folly? Illinois I have the official figures before me appropriated for 1913-14, \$37,915,457.43. Wisconsin at the corresponding session of its legislature, and for the corresponding two years, appropriated \$36,958,790. The population of Illinois is more than twice that of Wisconsin, and the valuation of all property in Illinois in 1913 exceeded seven and a quarter billions of dollars, and the tax commission assessed all Wisconsin property at less than half that of Illinois. It would be of interest to Wisconsin tax payers to know why they are taxed so much more proportionately than the richest state in the middle west. It may be of interest to me to state, for I have always kept the fact up my sleeve for the fellow who might call my figures, that the Milwaukee Free Press published the summary of the appropriations of the state legislature on July 30, 1913, and I made use of them in my letter of August 1, 1913, almost a year ago. I had confidence in the figures, they are quoted above, because I knew that Col. W. J. Anderson, a newspaper man of good reputation and a former member of the Wisconsin State Tax Commission, was the Free Press correspondent. He knew how to make up the statement and the figures are to this day, the most accurate that have been made, but even they do not include such state expenses as the collections of the barbers board, and other boards that collect money and report to nobody. The State Tax Commission says of these boards: "Investigation revealed the fact that substantial no records were in existence in the capitol offices detailing the receipts and disbursements of these boards." Two reform legislatures sat after the Tax Commission made that report, and Governor McGovern and W. H. Hatton have had these facts before them all the time. So has Lieut. Governor Morris, and Senator Hustung, and every other legislator in Wisconsin. It is things like these that put Mr. Nagler, and every other special pleader, from the governor and Mr. Hatton down, who is on the pay roll, under suspicion.

the Progressive campaign, it ought to keep in blast. I am afraid that there are a lot of narrow-minded reformers about vice, and prohibition and religion, that will be injected into this campaign to intimidate candidates. The prominence of such questions is the natural outgrowth of our personal politics. What is needed is good stiff-backed American citizens for candidates, who are not afraid to call all such bugaboos politics to go to the devil, and say it in plain English to both sides and all sides. Nobody need fear such dark lantern questions if they are met openly. They are only dangerous to cowards, and then only when worked in the dark.

With the thermometer registering breeze blowing over the top of the 105, A. W. Thorpe, a former Janesville ranger and through the pines, resident, now located at Witch Creek, Calif., tells of celebrating the Fourth of July at the Julian country. His letter is as follows:

We spent the Fourth somewhat different than the people in Janesville and vicinity, for we went away from a celebration instead of to one.

There was a two-day celebration at

Rockwood, the 105 miles from here,

and eight hundred feet lower, but as

the thermometer had been rising up,

and down between 88 and 105 we

were pretty well dug over for gold,

and quite a little round, but now the

gold find was in pockets and a long

I'll tell you, for it was 105 here at

way up, too (something like a

2 o'clock one afternoon; the heat

woman), so the men gave it up.

They wear a white hood of snow

and green with pine trees.

We should have one of those San

Diego thermometers that never go

above 74 or below 40, even if it bakes

a hen on her nest or freezes all the

citrus fruit trees.

The mountains nearest to Julian

grade are covered with brush and be-

er, and down those are clear cut moun-

tain along the edge of the desert. They

don't look to have a living thing on

that steep sides—are just great, grim

moon.

The Banner grade is very steep and

shows a red gash down a canyon for

over a low divide into the head of

where the large city of Santa Ysobel

is located (there are three houses,

one store and one blacksmith shop).

It is four miles from the head of

the grade to the desert, steep and

we bump up against the Voban

several bad automobile accidents on

mountains, then turn to the right and in this grade; in one, two young people

began to climb. I should judge it is

were killed.

Now for the view. In a gap be-

between mountains, and a short distance, then plunges out of

the edge of the desert, steep and

the imperial valley, and the blue Sal-

ley look like brush and the buildings

on Sea seventy miles away, and very

much lower.

It is hard to describe such a view

or the grip it takes on a person

if you watch it for some time, then

look away, when you look back it has

changed color slightly, either the yellow

sand or the blue water.

The mountains rear up on one side

and on the other side a low retaining

wall, then space.

It is a very pretty view from any

place along the grade.

The mountains are brown and dry

this time of year.

After we cross over the first ridge

the road doubles back on the other

side around the head of a canyon.

Now there are canyons if all shapes,

sizes and forms, but this one is a

big one, it is called the Big Canyon,

It extends from where the Julian

road crosses it for forty miles away

through the mountains. I have been

it is a quarter of a mile deep in

the valley 140 miles away are a range

of big saw-tooth mountains, and a

good background for this gem of a

view.

I should like the Gazette readers to

see it too, but my camera slipped up

and refused to take in a view seven

miles away, so can't show it this

time, but did get some fine pictures

along the road.

We could not linger very long for

we were eleven miles from home with

a three legged horse, so turned;

found there was a horse race going

on near Julian. There was not

enough level ground for them to run

very far.

Our horse did get over her lame-

ness, but she would not walk.

She would and we made fine

time down the mountains.

We are still old fashioned enough

to think a good horse can't be beat,

and a brake set just a little, then spin down

the mountain around the curves and

see a splendid view and a different

one around each little bend.

We made such good time that when

we reached Santa Ysabel we made a

short side trip to the old Santa

Ysabel mission and took a picture of

large orchards, but the most of them it

are back away from the road and

are in behind the mountains so the

traveler along the road does not

realize that there are first class orchards

out of that country.

The soil around Wynaola is black

and looks very rich; there is some

grain and corn, but mostly fruit.

After leaving Wynaola we soon climb

up to the first pine trees, then scatter

up to the first pine trees, then scatter

up along the road and some quite large

ones.

Julian is a small town tucked in

the mountains 4,500 feet above sea

level, and the country up there is

pretty rough and you can't see what

the ranchers raise to live on unless

it is seen.

Just before reaching Julian our

horse went lame, so we hanted up the

blacksmith and found him to be an old

German with a long pipe hanging

down his chin.

He also had an Indian wife; they

held a council of war; he grumbled

and she chattered, and between the

two of them they pulled a nail from

the mare's foot and pronounced her

cured.

But she still tried to walk on

three feet. We limped along the main

street and saw a very few people

draped on hitch racks.

There was a basketball game on at

the high school, and quite a crowd

looking on and a bunch of Indians

standing under some trees.

If anybody marries some of these

main Red Indians they sure would

get their money's worth, for they aver-

age about 300 pounds on the hoof.

We went beyond Julian about a

mile to Blane's free camp ground,

then cleaned the old tin cans from a

space large enough for our spread,

then had our dinner in the shadow of

the pines.

It was fine up there, with a cool

and a cool breeze.

Expedited to take a picture of Santa

Ysabel creek, rushing down out of

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. IV.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

By Edgar Allan Poe



Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Gouverneur Morris was "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe, who won world renown as a short story writer.

PART I.

URING the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low over the heaves, I had been passing on horseback, through a singularly tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of gloom grew on, within view of the hoary House of Usher. I know now it was, but, with the first of the building, a sense of inexpressible gloom pervaded my spirit. Ed upon the scene before me were the mere house and the simple shape features of the domain, the bleak walls, upon the vacant windows, upon a few rank trees, with an utter depression of which I can compare to no other sensation more properly than after dream of the reveler upon the bitter lapse into every day the hideous dropping of the veil. It was an iciness, a sinking, a shuddering of the heart, an unredemptedness of thought which no good of the imagination could torture out of the sublime. I refrained to the precipitous brink of a and lurid turn that lay in unutterable by the dwelling, and down, but with a shudder even thrilling than before, upon the tele and inverted images of the sedge and the ghastly tree stems in the vacant and eyeless windows.

It now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Mr. Usher, had been one of my companions in boyhood, but many had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately led me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its importunate nature, had added no other than a personal regard. The manuscript gave evidence of his bodily illness, of a mental disease which oppressed him and of an earnest desire to see me as his best friend, his only personal friend, a view of attempting by the fulness of my society some alleviation of his malady.

As boy we had been even at associates, yet I really knew of my friend. His reserve had always excessive and habitual, aware, however, that his very family had been noted, time and mind, for a peculiar sensibility temperament, displaying itself in long ages in many works of art and manifested of late in the deeds of manifester yet unexpressive clarity as well as in a taste devotional to the intricacies, perhaps more than to the orthodox easily recognizable beauties, of our science. I had learned, too, very remarkable fact that the other race, all time honored, had put forth at no period, any branch—in other words, the entire family lay in the nest of descent and had always trifling and very temporary variation. It was this, perhaps, of collateral issue the constant undeviating transmission from son to son of the patriarchal name which had at so identified the two as to be the final title of the estate.

The equal and equivocal appellation of "House of Usher"—an appellation which seemed to include in its meaning the peasantry who used in the family and the mansion. When I had uplifted my eyes to the house from its image in the other, now in my mind a strange, I had so worked upon my imagination, really to believe that the hoary mansion and domain had an atmosphere peculiar to itself and their immediate vicinity which had no affiliation with air of heaven, but which reached from the decayed trees the wall and the silent tansu, and mystic vapor, dull, sickly, discernible and leaden.

From my spirit what then, in a dream, I scanned the real aspect of the principal feature seemed an excessive antiquity. On of ages had been the fung overspread, hanging in a fine tunnel from the caves. Yet all from the roof of the building its way down the direction until it bouldered waters of the

could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin, to the severe and long continued illness—indeed, to the evidently approaching dissolution of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him—him the hopeless and the frail—the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke the Lady Madeline—for so she was called, passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmixed with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps.

The disease of the Lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person and frequent slight transient affections of a partially cataleptic character, were the unusual diagnoses. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer, and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow and pointed and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of emerald light made their way through the trellised panes and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which beth me in it. I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—or the constrained effort of the enigma man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down, and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered in so brief a period as had Roderick Usher. It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the one being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverous complexion; an eye large, liquid and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pale, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than weblike softness and tenacity—these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. The now ghastly pallor of the skin and the now miraculously luster of the eye, above all things, startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unbedded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency, and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidation—an excessive nervous agitation. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic decision—that abrupt, weighty, unhesitating and hollow sounding enunciation; that leader, self balanced, and perfectly undivided guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard and the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light, and there were but peculiar sounds and these from stringed instruments which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he. "I must perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm—fear."

I learned, moreover, at intervals and through broken and equivocal hints, that he was enshrouded by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth.

things, I rode over a hill, a servile my horse."

His evidence

certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family and which made him what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

PART II.

ON evening, having informed me abruptly that the Lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, previously to its final interment, in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The brother had been led to his resolution (as he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical man and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase on the day of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer, and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

The disease of the Lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person and frequent slight transient affections of a partially cataleptic character, were the unusual diagnoses. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer, and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself, and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened as if in a dream to the wild improvisations to his speaking guitar.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the house of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies or of the occupations in which he involved me or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sublunary luster over all.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible. Yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

The words of his wild fantasies (for he not infrequently accompanied himself on the guitar with improvisations) were the result of that intense collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was perhaps the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because in the under or mystic current of its meaning I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly if not accurately thus:

I.
In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there.
Never scruple spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II.
Banners yellow, glorious, golden
On its roof did float and flow
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago).
And every gentle air that dailed
In that sweet day
Along the ramparts plumed and paled
A winged odor went away.

III.
Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically.
To a lute's well tuned law
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogenet).
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV.
And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing
The spring.
And spreading evermore
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing
In voices of surpassing beauty
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V.
But if things in robes of sorrow
Ass'd the monarch's high estate
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate).
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim remembered story,
Of old time entombed.

VI.
And travelers now in that valley
Through the red litter windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a rapid ghostly river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush over forever
And laugh, but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's, which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. I lack words to express the full extent or the earnest abdication of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentence had been here, he imagined, fulfilled by the method of evolution.

His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed if possible a more ghastly hue, but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more, and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. I felt creeping upon me by slow yet certain degrees the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the Lady Madeline within the donjon that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to rid myself of the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame, and at length sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly ceaseless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the

chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me to certain low and indefinite sounds which came through the pauses of the storm at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, uncontrollable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night, and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention.

I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan; but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes, an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me, but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly after having stared about him for some moments in silence— "you have not then seen it? But stay! You shall!" Thus speaking and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering wind nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular to its terror and its beauty. A

whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind, and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving this. Yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not—you shall not behold this!" said I shudderingly to Usher as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. "These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon, or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement. The air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen, and so we will pass away this terrible night to—

(To be continued)

Making One's Own Happiness. One makes one's own happiness by taking care of the happiness of others. —Saint Pierre.

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Classified Want Ads

Right in our own home town (we KNOW we are living in the best town in the U. S. A.) dwells a little woman who for pluck and persistency has many a business man beat. Of course you are a doubting Thomas, but read this and be convinced.

She wanted a little extra money (that's a trick many women have) and as she knew her husband was doing his level best she decided to play fair and not say a word to him, but try and earn it at home. She could not leave home as she had some of the world's best citizens in the process of raising.

Some of these young prodigies (every mother thinks that's what her children are) were visitors at the playground. They had to have bloomers. She priced them. Cheap, but not as cheap as she could make them. She made four pair. It did not take long and it was easy work. Now I want to finish this but my space is used up. You finish it. She used the want ad page and you know.

If you do know—you know enough to use that page.

AGENTS WANTED

WE STRIVE to keep from this page all unreliable firms. Let us know if you answer a take. We will prosecute them.

HUSTLER under 50 to recommend our NEW memberships \$50 to \$500 month. Write quick. I. L. U. 2451, Covington, Ky.

WANTED—Distributors, Men and

Women to give away FREE pkgs. Perfumed Corax Soap Powder, no money or experience needed, good pay. F. K. Ward & Company, 218 Institute, Chicago.

WANTED—Salesmen, local and

travelling to reach every town in Wisconsin. To right man exceptional opportunity. Weekly commission settlements. Write today. Brown Brothers Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Second hand upright piano. Must be a genuine bargain in every sense of the word. Call new phone 593 Black, after five p. m.

SIDE-LINE SALESMAN ATTENTION

This year's proposition the best yet. Get in touch with us at once for our live premium proposition. We have all unsold goods. Write today for full particulars. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Seige St., Chicago, Ill.

YOU ARE IN NEED OF SEWER

WATER? Call us. You will see Smith & Wilson Hotel Bldg.

14-22-12-ecd.

HOUSES WANTED

KEEPING ONE EYE ON THIS

SPACE will save house owners from having empty houses. You can rent it quicker by advertising.

WANTED TO RENT—Small modern house. E. L. T.

12-7-1-dff.

WANTED, LOANS

MONEY GROWS when it is working. A little spent on this page will find plenty of opportunities to work.

WANTED TO RENT ROOMS

BY WATCHING THIS SPACE the housewife may rent out her rooms. She can fill them quicker by advertising them for rent.

REAL ESTATE WANTED

DON'T WAIT for someone to advertise under this head. Place your ad in the for sale column.

WANTED—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and cash price. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

34-7-17-ecd.

WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS

AT A PRICE agreeable to both parties anything you have to dispose of may be quickly sold somewhere on this page.

WANTED—Good party to live in building 59 South Main street and take care of it in exchange for free rent. Wisconsin phone 451 or 67 So. River street. S. W. Rotstein Iron Co.

6-7-22-23

WANTED—Work by the day, sweeping, dusting or ironing. Inquire 429 Madison.

6-7-23-23

FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT

THE ROOMS YOU WANT may not be here but the owners might answer your ad under another classification.

FOR RENT—Bed and sitting room, nicely furnished, on ground floor. Women preferred. 435 North Street.

8-7-25-23

UNFURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT

UNFURNISHED ROOMS TO R

In the Churches

Congregational Church. There will be services at the usual hour in the morning. The subject of Dr. Kidder's sermon will be, "Good Success."

No Sunday school. The union services in the evening are to be held in the Presbyterian church. Dr. Kidder will preach his subject being, "Yours and Not Yours."

First Baptist Church.

First Baptist church—Corner of First and Pleasant streets. Rev.

Joseph Chalmers Hazen, pastor.

10:30—Address conditions in

Japan, by C. H. Hibbard. See article in another column of this paper. A

most cordial invitation is extended

to all of Mr. Hibbard's friends as well

as all interested in the address.

Music by the quartet, conducted by

Mrs. Alice Shearer Thomas.

Sunday school:—11:45 to 12:45

noon. Dr. Shipman, superintendent.

Mrs. Hanchett and Mr. Krotz associ-

ates. A class for every age.

Services at 3 p. m. in the Baptist

church in Afton.

Urgent meeting service:—7:30 in

the Presbyterian church. A cordial

invitation is extended to everyone

to join in these union evening serv-

ices. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

First Presbyterian Church.

The First Presbyterian church is

located upon the corner of North

Jackson and Wall streets. Rev.

George Edwin Pardee, pastor.

10:30—Urgent service, upon the theme:

"Yours and Not Yours."

Rev. Williams and Rev. Hazen to assist.

The mid-week hour of prayer and

fellowship is Thursday evening at

8 o'clock.

To the stranger within our gates

and to you who have no church home,

we extend a cordial invitation to

share with us the privileges of our

house of worship. "Come, we will do

thee good."

Carroll Methodist Church.

Carroll Methodist church—Rev. T.

D. Williams minister. Miss Lillian E.

Pratt, deaconess.

9:45—Class meeting H. F. Nott, leader.

10:30—Sermon by pastor: "Con-

sider the Lilies of the Field, How

They Grow." The pastor's last ser-

mon before vacation.

Music by chorus choir in charge of

Miss Sewell.

"Come Weary Soul"—Mrs. Dr. Nuzum

Organist.

7:30—Union service, Presbyterian

church. Rev. S. T. Kidder preaching.

Sunday school:—11:45. T. E. Ben-

nison, superintendent.

Junior League:—3:30 p. m.

Epworth League:—6:30. J. A. Can-

field, leader. Subject: "Christ's Sancti-

tion of Labor." The Attitude of

the Church toward Laboring Men.

Rev. T. D. Williams. The Attitude

of Laboring men Toward the Church,

Horace Blaize.

Prayer meeting Thursday:—7:30.

Miss Catherine Billings, leader.

All invited to all services.

Christ Episcopal Church.

The Rev. John McKinney, A. M.

rector.

The seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Holy communion:—8:00 a. m.

Morning prayer and sermon:—10:30

a. m.

Sunday school:—12 m.

Trinity Episcopal Church.

Trinity Episcopal church—Rev.

Henry Willmann, rector.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Holy communion:—7:30 a. m.

Morning prayer litany and sermon:

—10:30 a. m.

You are cordially welcome at our

services and the rector is glad to

minister in all cases of sickness or

other need.

St. Peter's English Lutheran.

St. Peter's English Luth. church.—

compared in number with those of a

year ago is shown below:

1914 1913

January 15 214,829 213,433

February 1 239,678 27,269

February 14 197,052 22,183

March 1 153,907 31,381

March 14 124,565 57,988

April 1 123,512 57,458

April 15 212,869 39,775

May 1 228,879 60,294

May 15 238,642 50,908

May 31 241,802 63,927

June 15 232,334 63,704

July 1 219,545 63,704

The democratic party has lost its whole organization in the Third Louisiana District to the progressive party, and is likely to lose the entire state of Louisiana.

Included among the leaders of the bolt there are all the democratic congressional committee of the third district, one of whom is the brother of United States Senator-elect Broussard, who still represents the district and whose son is W. H. Price, a highly prominent state democratic leader and for 25 years a member of the state committee.

Diamonds Worth \$6,000,000,000. The production of diamonds from the earliest times to the present day amounts to over 23 tons, or over \$1,000,000,000 in value, uncut. Their value cut and mounted is almost \$5,000,000,000. A box three feet high, six feet wide and eight feet long would contain them. Nearly all diamonds of the present day come from South Africa.

Discouraging.

Her admirer swallowed hard, pulled at his collar, and finally made up his mind. "Lillian," he said desperately, "aren't you afraid politics will get away from your ancient landmarks for 'psychological' reasons?"

An Association Favored.

"Aren't you afraid politics will get away from your ancient landmarks for 'psychological' reasons?"

"I'm hoping it will," replied the man who refuses to be scared; "maybe it will improve politics."

Judge.

MEXICAN NATIONAL PALACE HAS HAD FIVE TENANTS IN LITTLE MORE THAN THREE YEARS; HOW LONG WILL GEN. CARRANZA STAY?



JANESVILLE

Grocers and Butchers

PICNIC

At Yost Park

WEDNESDAY
JULY 29

Parade by the Grocers, Butchers and Clerks at 8:30

First Interurban Car leaving at 9 o'clock and every hour thereafter. Extra Cars at 9, 10 and 1 o'clock. Round trip 25 Cents on all cars.

MUSIC BY MOOSE BAND

BALL GAME AT 10 A. M. BETWEEN BUTCHERS AND GROCERS.

SPECIAL RACES FOR WHICH LARGE PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN.

GAMES OF ALL KINDS—\$250 IN PRIZES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

PRIZES ON EXHIBITION AT TAYLOR BROTHERS STORE SUNDAY, JULY 26.

BALL GAME IN AFTERNOON
BETWEEN JANESEVILLE CARDINALS AND BELOIT MOOSE TEAM. GAME CALLED AT 3:30. ADMISSION TO BALL GAME 25 CENTS.

DANCING AFTERNOON & EVENING
THE PUBLIC ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

READ GAZETTE WANT ADS

**AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY
AT HARLEM PARK
SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 6 P. M.**

**2-Passenger Saxon Runabout
THE CLASSY CAR--ON EXHIBITION AT THE PARK**

Commencing Sunday, July 19 and Continuing Until Sunday, August 2, 5 P. M.

EVERY ONE ENTERING HARLEM PARK, EXCEPT RAILWAY AND PARK EMPLOYEES, AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE WILL RECEIVE A CHANCE ON AUTOMOBILE. EVERY ONE MAKING A PURCHASE AT THE DIFFERENT CONCESSIONS WILL RECEIVE A COUPON. THE MORE TIMES YOU ENTER PARK THE MORE COUPONS YOU WILL RECEIVE. ALL COUPONS ARE IN DUPLICATE; RETAIN THE ONE MARKED "KEEP THIS COUPON" PLACE THE DUPLICATE IN ONE OF THE RECEPTACLES IN THE PARK. AT 6 P. M. SUNDAY, AUG. 2ND, ALL DUPLICATE COUPONS WILL BE PLACED IN LARGE CHURN AND THOROUGHLY MIXED AND THE AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY. PARTY HOLDING LUCKY NUMBER MUST BE ON THE GROUNDS AND CLAIM AUTOMOBILE IN FIVE MINUTES OR THE PROPOSITION WILL BE CONTINUED UNTIL AUTOMOBILE IS CLAIMED BY SOME ONE ON THE GROUNDS.

Dancing Every Night Except Sunday

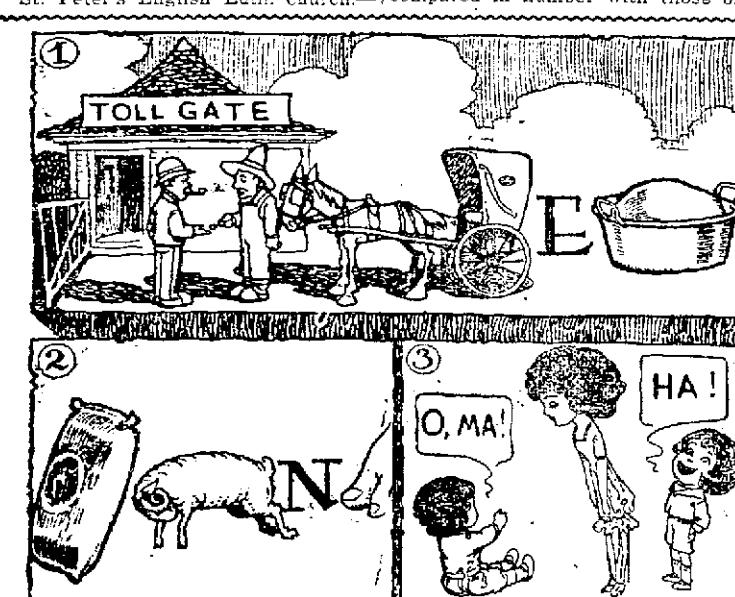
ROLLER SKATING AFTERNOON AND EVENING. LADIES FREE MONDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHTS. CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS OF AGE FREE SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Latest Motion Pictures FREE Afternoon and Evening

Fine Concerts Saturday and Sunday Evenings by Harlem Park Orchestra, 8 Pieces, Assisted Sunday Evening by D. Orville Reese, Baritone

SOMETHING DOING ALL THE TIME TO MAKE YOUR VISITS AT HARLEM PARK PLEASANT ONES.

ROUND TRIP SUNDAY, 75c.



A GOOD REASON FOR IT.